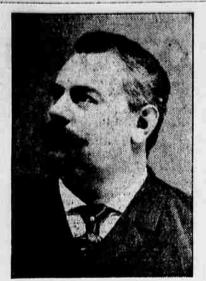
Scranton. Ie reflects credit on the peace-loving, soul-inspiring sons and daughters of Cambria who have so indelibly left the impress of their talents on this spiendid, intellectual community. I desire to thank the management for so signally honoring me and will close my remarks with the enduring hope that this congress of melody may not only enlist a keener taste for the divinest of arts, but that it may be the means of bringing us closer together and make us worthy member

The Arions entertained again, this time with Fassbaender's "Das deutsche Lied," the song which was sung in the contest at the National Saengerfest for the Kaiser Wilhelm trophy. It is a grand song and was grandly rendered



CHARLES ROBINSON. President of the Night Session.

by a grand aggregation of singers. The big audience went into raptures over it. For an encore they sang one of Leader hummed. This provoked applause quite as hearty as that accorded the rendition of the first number.

Two songs by H. Evan Williams, "Sound An Alarm," and for an encore number an old Welsh song, such as ould only come from the inspiration of ich a large and sympathetic audience. illiams sang as if competing for orld's honors. That the audience ard great music can well be believed. was accompanied by Dan Proth

Judge Edwards announced the finding of the adjudicators in the contest for the Scranton Tribune prizes of \$50 and \$10 for the best and second best English poem on "In Memoriam-Mc-"Engivie," George S. Phelps of Leadville, Col., was awarded first prize, and "Amber," John A. Foote, of Archbald, the second prize. Mr. Foote is now a student at Georgetown university. He has won many prizes in

literary competitions. winning poems and Judge Edwards' adjudication will be found in another column: Only-two parties appeared to try fo

the \$300 and \$100 prizes offered for the ladies' choruses. These were: 1 Cecilian Ladies' chorus of Utica, N Y., 56 voices; Professor Iorwerth T. Daniels, leader; Robert Owens, accompanist.

 Scranton Ladies' Choral society, 50
 voices; Mrs. D. B. Thomas, leader; Miss Norma Williams, accompanist; John T. Watkins, assistant. The Scranton chorus won first prize.

The adjudicators had no hesitancy in declaring the Uticans well worthy of sa. When she was led to the platform by her vanquished opponent, the audience broke forth into a mighty burs of applause.

Adjudicator Price said the Uticans had very good voices, but sang too fast to permit of the production of ex-The Scranton ladies maintained better time. "The Spanish Gypsy," by Lassen, and "Nos Calen" (New Year's Eve), by J. W. Parson Price, were the competitive pieces.

In the soprano solo contest was heard the best solo singing of the eisteddfod competitions. The contestants

companist, Miss Lelia Rine, Utica, N. Y Mrs. Edith Heckel, Scranton; accompanist, Mrs. D. B. Thomas. 3. Mrs. Frank Brundage, Scranton; ac

companist, Professor Haydn Evans.

Adjudicator Price declared the singers to be the possessors of three very good soprano voices. The first was a thin and somewhat lacking in color, and the second was faulty in that the tempo was bad. Of the third, Mrs. Brundage, it seemed. Parson could not say too much. He declared that he and Mr. Damrosch could not help but discuss her as a "Michaelia" in Carmen. Her beautiful, expressive voice, he said, belonged in grand opera e was by far the best, he declared, Mrs. Hughes, it will be remembered won the soprano solo prize at the Pan American eisteddfod. The prize of \$10 was donated by Dr. John O'Malley, "The Better Land," by Cowen, was th

competitive piece. Evan H. Roberts, of Slatington, won the \$10 prize given by Dr. J. J. Roberts. best tenor rendition of the Gounod "Lend Me Your Aid." The other competitors were Thomas Williams, of Bangor, and Owen E. Williams, of Bangor, Mr. Damrosch declared them to be three ambitious

and talented young singers. The Arions once more entertained with "Robin Adair," in German, and a dainty little song in low voice.

Then came the closing and chief event of the musical end of the eisteddfod the contest for mixed chorus for prizes of \$1,000 and \$250. The competitive piece was Mendelssohn's "The Night Is Departing." It was 10.40 when this competition began and nearly midnight when it was completed. The entries were as follows:

No. 1. Northampton Choral society; J Bangor, leader; Volces: Miss Cora Bender, accompanist. No. 2. Scranton Choral society; Lewis West Scranton, leader olces; Mrs. D. B. Thomas and T. Reeve

Wilkes-Barre Choral society John Lloyd Evans, Wilkes-Barre, leader

voices; Levere Styles, accompanist.

No. 4. Philharmonic society, of Utica,
Y.; Iorwerth T. Daniel, leader; 618 otces; Robert Owens, accompanist. They sang in the above order, the

order being fixed by lot. While waiting for the adjudication the audience arose and sang "Hudders-

The song was familiar to fully hulf of the audience and as a conse quence not less than 4,000 voices joined in its singing. The adjudication on the mixed chorus

competition was given by Walter Dam-rosch. He said all the four choirs saik with enthusiasm, spirit and in good time. Nearly all of them sang too fast, however, and some of the passages were

All seemed to be engaged in a mad rush to get through, and the result was rather marred. There was a rather reedy quality of tone in the voices of the Northampton choir, and the tenors and bassos had a tendency of scooping

things. The West Scranton party used too many planos, the adjudicator said, in substituting two uprights for one grand. judicators to the Utica party for their They were too fast in their tempo and general beauty of tone and excellent flattened their tones slightly. The Wilkes-Barre party had good sopranos, but their altos and bass were not so was followed by great cheering.

named, and they were awarded the second prize.

THE POEMS THAT WON

won the first prize of \$50, and John A. Foote, of Archbald, the second prize of \$10, offered by the Scranton Tribune for the first and second best English poems, of not more than one hundred and fifty lines, on the subject, "In Memoriam-

Appended is the adjudication, made by Judge Edwards and Prof. Howell,

and the prize-winning poems: Twenty competitors have entered the Twenty competitors have entered the contest for the prizes offered by The Scranton Tribune for the best "In Memoriam" in honor of the late President McKinley. The competition is a formid-able one, not only in the number of con-testants, but as well in the literary and protic excellence of the productions sub-mitted. As might be expected, some of the compositions are the work of novices, who are to be commended for the ef-forts they have made, but who could not possibly entertain any hope of gaining the victor's laurels. For the benefit of he contestants, we make a few comments on the work of each: 1. M. E. PIEROT. Only forty lines; achievement; And as the cry for help

2. LACKAWANNA, Contains a condensed epitome of the great events of McKinley's life. The rhyme is easy; but the sentiment only ordinary.

2. D. E. GRIFFITHS. A very com-

Claassen's compositions, a dainty mon-place production and is defective in lullaby, more than half of which is grammar and orthography. 4. JESS JONES, Mediocre as a literary effort, although some of the ideas are

5. ADMIRER OF THE MAN. "Humans" for "men" or "mankind" is un-pardonable. The effort does not arise

above mediocrie.

6. TUNER, A very short and incomplete poem, although it has an occasional hint of poetry.

7. AMICUS, Gives a good review of McKinley's life, but the rhythm and cadence halt here and there. Some of the

expressions are commonplace.
8. SOLOMON. Similar in character to
No. 7-Amleus; same criticism.
9. CYMRO. Ideas very good, although

they might have been clothed in more poetle language. 10. MYFANWY. Rhythm easy and sentiment appropriate; only occasionally reaching to the high standard of poetic strength MELANCTHON. A poem of excel-

lent quality. Why did the author halt at the sixtyfourth line when he was per-mitted to continue his good work? 12. BYRON. Rhythm natural and graceful; sentiment tender and poetle; stands well in the competition.

13. LAMENTUM. Too biographical in form; this leads inevitably to prosaic expressions: shows creative power in several of the verses, especially the last three or four. 14. CARITOS. Sixty graceful and

poetic lines, showing the touch of an experienced hand. 15. GWENDOLYN, The movement of the rhythm is not always even; but the ideas are poetic and often expressed with vigor and intensity.
We have made the foregoing brief

comments without reference to the relative standing of each poem. As will easily be observed, some of the productions declaring the Uticans well worthy of the second prize. Mrs. Thomas stood on a chair to lead her choir and swung her baton with a grace worthy of Sou-tition. There are five now remaining. he real contest lies between the flye Either one, standing alone, would be worthy of the chief prize; but it is our duty to discriminate and compare, and, i possible, to select the best out of the

16. RIGEL, A sweet, tender poem breathing throughout the spirit of a true "In Memoriam." While we are satisfied with only ninety lines from this author we would be more pleased with the addi tional number allowed by the limit se

17. BRITON. A poem of considerable merit. The outward mechanical adorn-ment of the composition is a work of art. We have read the poem several time

with much satisfaction.
18. F. P. WINTERMUTE. An excellent poem. The only criticism we venture to make is that the introductory invocation to the Muse is somewhat elaborate and ambitious for so short a poem.

19. AMBER. Another good poem; al

most faultless in construction, and repicte with poctic ideas,

20. ENGIVIE. On the whole, we conseder this the best poem in the competi-tion. It bears the impress of high literary culture and is instinct in almost every lines with the spirit and fire of think the author true poetry. We votes too many lines to the Spanish-Nevertheless, this American war. Nevertheless, this is only a slight fault, considering the qual-

ity of the work. After considerable discussion and comparison and after many readings of the poems, we have finally concluded to award the first prize to Engivie and the second prize to Amber. H. M. Edwards

I concur in the adjudication and award. George Howell. The Prize Winner.

Following is the prize-winning poen which was written by George S. Phelps, of Leadville, Pa., under the pen name, "Engivie." It is given herewith:

"IN MEMORIUM"-MCKINLEY. As sinks the sun to rest, at close of day, Amid the reseate splenders of the west:

Where lies th' mystic beauty of th' gol-Whose varied hues are ever ill at rest,-

To paint the glory of a deathless name page

with the lustre of immortal deeds. Honor and Glory,-Fame! for him

Within that "narrow house," the Aye, wreaths of immortelles, a nation's We

The Muffled drum's deep tones The soft, sad music o'er the voiceless wreaths

And About th' coffin'd form; cordons of

Horse and foot .- throngs on throngs. living mass That press their way, for yet another

Upon the placed face of him whose form Was lying there, waiting its final rest. The great and good, the rich and poor To do him reverence, who erst-while liv'd. Th' statesman of his age; a crowned

In patriot hearts and homes, where freedom lives
And sheds its benediction o'er a land
Where God himself hath wrought,

thought and work liberty of man,-the matchless spien-Of a land, to be the "Star of Empire" easing on to more resplendent glory "Great man and good,"-the

The first prize was given by the adrendition all the way through. The announcement of the winners

THE TRIBUNE'S PRIZES

George S. Phelps, of Leadville, Col., [Where kings and princes reign;-and manhood own'd The noble life and purity of thought That marked his upward way, where high he stood On Fame's Eternal Mount, Our Nation's

Chief. And those who lov'd him here, strong hearts and true, Have named him best, in all that serve

The grandeur of a life well spent,-that gives To human hearts years. And so we come to speak his praise here;

To picture as we may, th' true nobility

Of one, who rests today wrapt in the love Of trusting hearts, that knew his innate worth. He was of lowly birth; no herald's voice

Proclaimed glad tidings of the natal hour That gave to earth, this child of common He rose unaided and alone; by work And toll, he mark'd th' way to high

Grim visage swept the angry A stripling to the field where rag'd th battle's storm,— And in the ranks that fought at Free-

dom's call. He did his part, and to his country gave Young manhood's years; and then with well carned rank He brayely sought to reach those grander heights

sons. In council hall, in State and Nation both, His voice rang out in freedom's cause,-His name became the synonym of pow'r, And glory mark'd him for her own, and Upon his brow her wreath of fame, and Put Within his hands th' helm to guide and

Where Honor waits to crown her daring

pilot O'er th' ocean's way, the grand old "Ship of State. Full well the work was done. The Na tion heard The call of stricken ones,-their hopes

destroyed, Their lands despoiled and desolate, beneath The iron heel of dark, despotle power; The cry of famished lips that rose to heav'n. From crush'd and bleeding hearts and

ruin'd homes. That told the tale of Cuba's crimson'd Wet with the red tears of her faller And when the curtain'd shadows of the Had spread thick darkness o'er Havana'r hay,--And th' fair stars had closed glit'ring eyes.

A blow was struck, that shook the mighty deep.
Where lay the "Maine," wrecked by the treachery Of dastard hands: beneath that star gem'd flag. Which but a few short hours before was

By stalwart tars,-"proud ensign of the ere crushed and mangled forms: th' red wine of putroit blood flow'd thre' th' great

ship's side. Freedom wept,-as th' "Recording Angel His pen of fire, and wrote those deathles

Upon the Martyr Roll of Liberty. dead!-but Justice her sword, And at the call of him who watch's in th' high tower of Freedom's ballow'

fane, The nation rose and threw its giant arms On land and sea, 'round its despotic foe And Spanish power and hate, dead in th grave

It fashion'd for the form of Liberty, Gave birth to freedom's day star in the And fix'd th' bow of promise in th' distant west. Peace spread her wings; th' glory of Manila Bay,-Manela Bay,-colondor of th' charge up "Sar The splendor

"Captain's fight," where steel-clad monsters met 'Mid and shell, That left upon a rock-bound coast th mighty battle-ships, marking th

Of Spain's illustrious deeds and regal fame: Where patriot valor crush'd her caving an heritage of peerless deeds

rown th' dauntless courage of th North and South. Captised anew in the red flame of war: from lake fring'd north, to sunny south land, rang Clad shouts of victory; from the far east

"Colden Gate" and distant Orient. The voice of Liberty proclaim'd the death Again the nation spoke; and he, whos Had steer'd the "Ship of State" thro' troubl'd ways nce more was call'd to take the helm. and guide l'o Destiny's wide Imperial port.

Fair Freedom's ship, upon the peaceful waves, With sails full set, o'er the white waves of Hope: Short day, his voice was heard in lov'd command: And as he stood, in manhood's strength Where thousands waited for his earnest Then, with prophetic voice, declar'd the

Those halls where Science, Art and Genius sat, Rang with glad shouts and loud huzzas,llow soon th' night of grief would shroud th' matchless day Great throngs,-the high and low, Fress'd on to grasp that noble hand and

What thoughts would fall eloquence. or he stood, with gracious mien, clasp'd hands gave to all, kind words of hope love; en took the Judas hand, that struck And fell, Columbia's martyred son.

Farewell, Brave heart! for you a nation's tears as Oh. man of matchless mould! Oh, spirit by the breath of God-like thought. Thrilling a soul, fill'd with the melody Of good to man. Heir to eternal fame!

Wrapt in th' drapery of a people's love.



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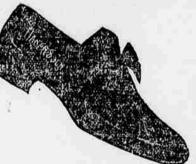
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birth. We bow our heads to Him who rules on And weeping say .- "God's will, not ours

Took Second Prize.

The poem that won second prize wa written by John A. Foote of Archbald who signed his poem "Amber." It fol-IN MEMORIAM-WM. McKINLEY.

The muffled drums throb out their tale booming guns disturb the biare wailing bugles, while from The widowed flags in rippling

nation mourns her chief! Yet these are but the huskings of Hark to the cry that swells Columbia's When o'er his brow the briny The He tilled the field of life, with tireless

And with his faith adorned Nor closed his ears to Duty's hard demands Which way the service pres't-Cried for the sword, and, by the sword

Or ruthless greed, insulting gentle peac unning purpose masked with scowl And now, O sainted twain, who through

the night

Of horrid treachery have passed before And stand in glory's pure, eternal nave-The first, who op'ed the white, unsulfied Of blessed freedom to the shackled slave Supreme in virtue's right. he who bore himself above the throng Unaided, yet with gen'rous heart to aidcomes a l third whose fame shall While time endure, or poets have power

But not like ye, did he lay down his life; The nation smiled with happiness and The fields were gleaming, rich with golden grain, No fearful feud was rent by War's re-

with garlands of immortal No bitter wrong was mooted on the plain, For like a husbandman at harvest's Who, thanking God for all the season's

s nothing of the viper in his field, He fell, a mark to blind, insensate crime

We strive for justice, yet our heart despair; The blinded Fury, born in deadliest hate. In ignorance and tyranny's misrule, Still seeks its lawless appetite to sate Still stalks abroad, half demon and

From out its foreign lair: keeps Its cover in our cities and our towns. To learn our constant vigilance never

Turn not thy favor from us. Mighty God, E'en though we seem to raise our plain Against Thy will, for ever do our minds

Cling weakly to the earth. Thy purpose Ablaze with awful majesty that blinds Scenis but a chastening rod; And so, as aged men, recalling youth, Peel a great loss, the which they canno Our hearts are heavy, but our tongue

We saw our chief an architect of fate. Building the nation's greatness by the art Of nascent speech and trenchant thought The minds of other men to bear a part And well protect the corner-stone he laid In wise and bold debate;

To tell the story of our grievous ruth.

And those who blindly closed our eyes. 'arping against the good we would When Time, the wizard, set our visio Raised up our voices, and declared him

But wiser still and justly firm, though And tender in his justice, did he gain,

reign When munhood stood for bestial battle And honor shrank defiled; For far and wide, glad Labor's solem Welled up from whirring wheel and wattled green, In every mart Prosperity was seen,

On every highway Progress surged alons And, great of heart, he joyed to see

He knew the pearly diadem of peace The honor of the nation, nor, would cease Our manhood, though we rest; For he had borne the shock of lurid war

When brother fought with brother, hate

He knew full well the lesson taught by When Carnage drove abroad his gory car But great of heart, though knowing this

He counted not the cost when Duty The dark Virgin of the Caribees Crying aloud for freedom's boon awoke

Unto our friendly shore-And raises up its hydra-head, and frowns A trumpet blast, to wake a quivering Responsive in each freedom-loving And in that hour he played the sage' Calm in his trust, though ruthless battle

> Yet not alone for prowess with the syord. Nor pregnant counsel given to the state Will future generations call him wise And sober-mantled History deem him great; Beneuth all human acts a motive lies And praise or blame is poured With such impartial hand, that each

> His measure in proportion as his heart And large with ample dole for human And so, we loved him that he was a mar And manhood painted round his every

The halo which it borrows from afar-O wifely heart! by grief so sorely racked. Break not, that he has crossed the Which life must span! For you, who knew the sweet, sustaining

Of sympathy, which from his nature

In the dark hour of sorrow are upheld By the crescendoed glory of his death. He builded well and wisely, for his deeds In life were but as stepping stones that Carved with a wealth of beauteous de

To the great radiance of his dying bed: For, like that greater man, who paid the He breathed forgiveness on the coward

Of Frenzy, who, with treach'rous, smil Felled him to the earth, and, strong in heavenly grace,

Yielding his life, exclaimed: "Thy will be

grief The blare Of wailing bugles, while from every The widowed flags in rippling motion flare Their colors in the wealth

The nation mourns her chief-Yet placed in endless glory, will his dust Speak in its smallest grain, with clarion tongue To teach the truths that endlessly are beyond the taint of mortal dust.

light-

NOTES OF EISTEDDFOD.

When the German societies had finished singing at the morning session, it was quite apparent to the Welsh people present that "there are others." petition was one of the strongest features of the eisteddfod. Dan Protherie, Mus. Bac., of Milwau-kee, Wis., the old leader of the far-famed "Cymrodorions" of 1893, received

s the accompanist of Gwilym Miles, in dinging "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau." popularity among Scranton people imited. "The little fellow with the big voice" is the way some one referred to Gwilym Miles, the inimitable soloist. He is a typical Welshman and a popular favorite

n the eisteddfod as well as on the con-The people who heard Evan Williams sing "Lend Me Your Aid" on Thursday night, are not through talking about it vet. His rendition of this elevating song s certainly an inspiration to all

Judge Edwards said that at the Donter of Ceromonies." which reminded him of being at a ball. He clearly defined the duties of the "president" and "con-

ductor," and spoke of their positions in relation to the eisteddofod. Mrs. Walter Damrosch, who is a daughter of the late James G. Biaine, became a pronounced favorite in the etsteddfod and made many friends by her affability, She was introduced to many by Mrs. R. T. Black.

The Misses Gleason and Rock, of Uties, who also competed on the contralto solo, sang exceedingly well. Both possess su-Miss Via Jones, of West Scranton, win-

ner of the contralto solo, "Hope On," pupil of Professor John T. Watkins. [Continued on Page 10.1